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Limericks



👁 17 ✓ 0 ⭐ 2

Chapter 1 by Magdalene

Whenever he ran away
You put all the violence away
You held on to hopes
Listened to ghosts
But the Fighter in you remained

With a voice as sweet as a birds
So loud that she's heard
The Singer will shout
And ride through the clouds
Using all the Poets words

I write words of light
Reading through the fight
The Singer will call
The Poet is in awe

Even when darkness falls

And when they build up

You are the believe

With the path we find easier

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And keeps us standing tall

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